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505

by polifandom

Summary

"Next thing he knows, the back door is being opened and John's hand is right back at his neck, pulling him away from the kiss and taking advantage of his open mouth to push more smoke into it.

It's all a bit delirious, how good it feels."

The one where Gale decides to join on John and Curt's smoking.

Notes

wanted to write curtbuckbucky shotgunning...
felt wrong to keep on the drafts, so here it is! enjoy <3

See the end of the work for more notes

[♪ 505 *by Arctic Monkeys*]

Gale can feel more than see as the smoke trails from John's mouth into Curt's. It's not the first time it's happened, not even the first in front of him, but the air gets charged as if it were.

The whole moment, a breakable thing, is nothing they ever speak of. John is a smoker, and so is Curt, and Gale is- Well, Gale is always along, a willing participant or not. It never happens when there's anyone else around, and it's never talked about when it's done – but it's a true palpable thing all the same.

The smoke, far lighter than when it left John's mouth, meets the ceiling of the jeep the same it had done with every intake before as Curt lets it out. John is in the driver's seat, as he usually is, but Curt and Gale have exchanged places when John lit the first cigarette a few minutes back, leaving Curt to Gale's usual spot in the passenger's.

The cigarette starts reaching its end, ashes pooling close to Curt's fingertips as it gets passed back to him, and the music hums low in the silence that fills the car.

Curt looks behind him as his fingers draw closer to his mouth, eyes meeting Gale in the dark of the vehicle and the night around it.

"You want in?" he asks, because even with Gale's refusal every single time it's happened before, he's never given up on the hope that he will join.

And today, for some reason, Gale feels particularly bold.

So he nods.

It's like time has stopped just then, all four eyes turning to him with a surprise no dark is able to mask.

But Curt doesn't question the change of heart – at least, not aloud. Instead, he takes a drag just as the ash meets his fingers and pushes himself up on the seat to contort back to Gale.

It's a hard task to reach him – he hasn't moved any closer, and the seat has been pushed up to accommodate his height on the back, so there's a considerable distance in between them. Curt has to hold himself up with a hand on Gale's thigh so he doesn't fall flat on the center console.

Still, it happens far faster than Gale has prepared himself to – one moment Curt's stretching himself to the back seat, the immediate next his mouth so close to Gale's he can almost taste his chapped lips.

He doesn't open his mouth – not immediately, like he should. And in the next moment, coming just as fast as the last one, John is reaching a hand behind the seat and placing his thumb on Gale's bottom lip, hand on his chin, as he nudges Gale's mouth open.

The smoke comes then, filling Gale's mouth like a praise – and Gale can feel more than see as the other two go completely still as he swallows it in and closes his eyes, letting the cloud fill his lungs before he turns his face up and lets the smoke join the rest on the car ceiling.

He doesn't cough.

He opens his eyes only after the taste of the cigarette has long left his lips, and only then does he realize that Curt still holds a hand to his thigh, John's thumb tracing his lips.

"You've smoked before," Curt states, rather than ask.

John is silent as a mummy, face unreadable.

Gale nods again, this time finding no need for words – or rather, no clue where to *find* them.

The air between them is so charged it could power a B-17.

It's an amazing feat this never happened before, really – with the amount of times Gale has wanted to join and all. The three of them have always had this complex bond in between them that would make sense Gale would bend his morals for the two of them. But then again, why should he bother – when they're such a pretty sight to stare all by themselves?

Except now, just this once, Gale hadn't felt like being the observer. Hadn't felt like harvesting the want inside his bones so bad he'd cum before he'd even turned the cold water of his shower on.

And he can't tell he regrets it – not with the way everything has suddenly shifted in a way that was always unavoidable, but never close enough to break. At least, before just now.

Next thing he knows, Curt is kissing him.

Gale hasn't properly closed his lips since the smoke has been passed onto him, so the moment their lips touch Curt's tongue is already inside his mouth.

Gale wonders, for a split second, if he and John had kissed before this – but the thought is dismissed as soon as Curt's hand on his thigh turns firmer, John's hand on his chin moving down to his neck.

Curt kisses like he's hungry, fast paced and full of enthusiasm – but that is hardly surprising.

Gale can hear past the buzz on his ears the flick of a lighter, but the acknowledgment doesn't last long is his mind as Curt starts crawling past the center console, lips never leaving his, to sit on his lap and deepen their kiss.

John starts gripping the back of his head about the same time Curt bites his bottom lip so hard Gale's surprised he doesn't draw blood.

And then, just as fast as everything else, both of them are gone.

Gale chases after Curt's lips when the spot John's hand was lying turns empty and cold. When Curt doesn't meet him in the middle again, Gale moves his hands from his sides to hold onto his back and push him close until he's kissing him again.

Next thing he knows, the back door is being opened and John's hand is right back at his neck, pulling him away from the kiss and taking advantage of his open mouth to push more smoke into it.

It's all a bit delirious, how good it feels.

He can feel Curt's eyes on him as he inhales the smoke, but can't bear to turn away from John with him so close, like this.

His mouth meets John before the smoke has even left his lungs, escaping in between them as tongues meet inside Gale's mouth.

John kisses like he flies a plane – steady, with confidence. This is as much of his element as flying is, so again, it's hardly surprising.

It feels spectacular just the same.

Gale can hardly recall how many times he's wanted this, would hardly be able to count them if he could.

Can hardly explain how good it all feels – the way Curt's sitting at his lap, watching them, the way John's kissing him, the smoke traveling inside their mouths, the way it all smells and tastes like John's cigarettes, smells of John, of Curt. Of *want.*

It's all so unreal, it almost feels like a dream. Like something he can recall and revisit, but can't acknowledge as real.

But it is.

Fuck, this is *real.*

Who would’ve known all Gale had to do to get his boys was smoke their cigarettes?

End Notes

hope u enjoyed! feel free to check out my other works if that pleases you!

i'm also on tumblr!

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